FROM LA BELLE FRANCE.

THE BOMBS, FIELDS, SET CATTLE OF NORMANDY.

The Happy Common People-Shops of Wheels-Women as Burden Bearers-The Unmistakable Language of Shoulders and Evebrows.

Correspondence to the GLOBE-REPUBLIC. ROUEN, Sept. 14.—All that poets have ung of the beauty, all that writers have penned of the interest in Normandy will be readily accepted by one who has for month dwelt n her coast. There is yet a closer, or at least a more attractive chronicle of this favored section of France rendered by those great artists who have found such de ight in her charms. Through their labor of love, even in our far-away homes, we are in some degree familiar with life and nature in Normandy. To these saithful recorders mu tadd my mite of testimony as to the absolute truth of their works. Millias, Broton and Van Marke have gracefully and earnestly placed the world on familiar terms with the people, the homes, the fields, the sky and the cattle of Normandy. When in Normandy there is but one other place in France that you might exchange it forand that is the wild, rugged coast of Brittany. There the charm does not cease, whether resting in the quiet hamlet of Le Petite Dalles, rambling through the ruined abbey of Valmont, studying the relies in the museum of Fecamp, drinking-on the very spot where for centuries the air has been conscious of its spiced aroma-the delicious Benedictine, visiting in the early morning, the sunny afternoon or by moonlight the grand old cathedral at Rouet These pl asures only rival each other, and cannot suffer by any comparison.

Les Petite Dalles and Grande Dalles ar two seaside resorts of comparatively recent popularity not yet uncomfortably fashionde. The e little hamlets, with their one pretentious hotel and their many presuresque cottages, are snugly nestled on small pebble i beaches between immense jutting palisades of white and red chalk formations. These towering cliffs make a brave appearance from the channel. When the outling of those extending further north are first discerned, it may be easily mistaken for the castle walls of some fendal home-in a moment, as others are seen, it presents an array of s rong defensive works soon the rest and white layers of chalk become visible, and the deep rich covering of living green, such as palisades are rarely spread with and the coast of France is itentified. These abrupt summits present a bulwark indesd against which the sea has mouned for ages, and which the brave fishermen know to be more pitiless than the storm.

At the little hotel, accommodating about one hundred beside our small party of English and Americans and an occasional arcist or scholar, there were only bourgeoise-the elite of France are not met at a sea-side mu. I am sorry. Such guests might demand better supplies for their tables. Only sorry on that account, however. The people, no the lords, are far the more interesting study to foreigners, and the more closely they are studied the greater is the wonder at the glory of France. Wonder! with such source to draw from-it the foremost rank she maintains in art, letters and war. Sitting beside us at the hotel table was the well-todo widow of a farmer. She discusses critically the opera. Yet you would rather not allow your eyes to rest upon her, as with snaggied teeth she attacks her second breakfast. You wish her back in the fields with her peasant cap and her wooden shoes. On r left is a rich gluttonous butcher. He and his wife discuss with an artist, who has just received a salon prize, the merits of

My conclusion is that half the glory of France is the result of her well systemized art patrogage. The rulers of this country learned early the magic power of act. En pire and republic alike recognize it. These people, saint and sinner, coarse by nature, fa'se by persistent practice, far below the me thum classes in England or America in general intelligence, are not ambitious; vethey would die, willingly die for France. They are amusingly happy when in good humor. In the casino at night, at watering places, there is music, dancing and games (fast and furious if it be Sunday evening), and it is better than a play to watch them enjoying life. They are polite and quick to remark upon or resent any remissness, &pecially in a stranger. These are full of contradictions. Every woman, if a proper age, is addressed most punctiliously, "Madams," because they do not believe without proof that she has a right to the title. Every thing produces an excitement. A naturalist bringing in a butterfly will stir the multitude. When the flag is down, signifying it to be too rough for bathing, there is, in corridor and hall, an audible moan; if suddenly run up, there is clapping of hands and a rush for the waves.

Among the many novelties I enjoyed were the shops on wheels. Their chief commodity seemed to be colored hose, bright woolen skirts and cloth gaiters. To get near enough to hear the wrangling and contest between saleswoman and purchaser is amusing Though their patois is execrable, so French scholars declare, their shoulders, their hands, their evebrows have a language unmistakable. Finally each woman leaves with a package-stockings, a gay petticoat, a snowy, cap, bright ribbons, etc.-scolling and fretting at the face until distance losethe irate tones of her voice. They are very keen in trade, and a Norman, if he looks dull and wants to sell you a horse-well, it is wise to beware of him. Our acquaintance in the village was limited. The curé and the resident of the château called. A Glasgow designer of prints who had rises in the world, several artists and a widelyknown newspaper man, such we met. But one can find learned and refined people often. A French peasant on his native soil

A party of ten, of which I was one, drove over to see the ruins of the Abbey Valmont, an environ of the old seaport city of Fe camp. From my seat on top of the coach l obtained a magnificent view of the country. The roads are as fine as any part of the United States, not even excepting the amous "Lexington pike," in Kentucky. The glory of the harvest might well make the peasants kneel at every wayside shrine. I will not try to show a picture with my pen which has been so gloriously produced by the brush of immortals. Leaving the coast, we descended into a fruitful valley.

That word must not suggest that the up ands are not r.co, for they are wonderful. The valley being better watered, the tolinge was darker, richer, the farmers, even, more blessed. Peasants were working in the fields or silently watching their fat tethered cattle I noticed two women to one man was about the proportion of laborers. If a basket of fedder is to be taken home, it is a woman's shoulder to which it is strapped. Often it seems more than a donkey sh carry. If a drink of cider is indulged in on be roadside, the woman may have some, if there be any left after the man has been refres ed, and lights his pipe for a ruminatke. The women are often much rger and seem far brighter and more executive than the men, yet rumors of wife beating were frequent... It would be a brave can who would try to chastise some of those lighty daughters of the plow. The people-

the people always lead me out of my in-

tended paragraphs.

old abbey has traveled to other lands I confess I was not prepared to see anything so fine. The learned may well contend for the majesty of pure Norman architecture. So far the mind of man has not hewn arches of greater dignity or beauty. It was a treat, long desired, that my eyes had that summe afternoon. The chivalry and the poetry the faith and the truth of the devout Cru saders were revealed to the mental vision in grasping the glory of the alters around which they grouped, and where in sculp tured tembs their ashes repore. I accept, as reasonable, the explanation given by a cultivated French gentleman of our party why no such effects are achieved in modern build ing as was seen in this emobling monument of six centuries. "We do not build to stay. We do not give space for grandeur. We put no heart in our efforts-only ambition." In studying such a ruin you fully realize that the spirit, the faith that could produce it, belong not to our day. We thank the French government for its supervision of its precious rains, for nowhere more certainly than in this country has the possi bility of such a building departed. center of the old church is described by the two rows of large pillars and the perfect arches have withstood the ages, a magnificent arch spans the entrance, smaller pillars and arches on either side indicate the side aisies, and lower recesses show where were chapels and cloisters. The only part of the Abbey that has entirely escaped the ravages of time is a chapel back of the choir, where the offices of the church are et administered. Think of a marriage o

he afternoon, and though the fame of the

surrounlings. The altar, beside the usual sacerdotal requirements, had an array of precious relics. One, I remember, was a stone heart, whose deciphered epitaph claimed it to have held the entrails of a crusader, sent home from the Holy Land to be deposited in the tomb of his fathers. Here rest dukes and duchesces, warriors and ladies who had turned from the world with bruised bearts and become devotees. Such an one was the first Abbe of Valmont, who, early in the tenth century, erected this noble church. The win dows of the little charel date from the fourteenth century, when they were reewed, and the tombs they shed a glory of light upon are 400 years older. The condition of the windows is perfect, and they are so beautiful that they alone would be quite worth a visit The brilliancy of those deep hues of blue and crimson, which have as yet not been reproduced in modern art, demand edmiration. There was the usual foo present—the one, I suspect, who generally sks to see the "cherry tree" at Mt. Vernon. This time he wanted to know if the rare ace on the altar was as old as the windows or had been worn by an inhabitant of a omb near by.

a funeral amid the silent eloquence of such

Adrive of five miles brought us to Fecamp. The first object of interest we visited was the Church of the Trinity, an edifice erected in the early part of this century upon the site of the cathe Iral attached to the grand old Abbey of Fecamp, which was, in 1792-3, destroyed by the revolutionists. The church is said to be one of the nearest reproductions of the old Norman style. It is long, narrow and high, and one cannot find a point or a line upon which to perch a criticism, save the fact that the organ loft, over the main entrance, is supported by Corinthian pillars; a want of aste and harmony that may in effect be avoided by keeping your eyes-as devotional eyes should be fixed upon the altar or th dorious window above it. The wise artist who had that window in charge restricted himself to gray tones with dashes of golden, and the result is delightful; every part of the vast edifice lighted, nowhere a glare, yet every picture, every tone in the church allowed its due. There are some valuable elics from the ruined abbey. One, a fine example of wood carving, represents "The death of the Virgin," is well approved by

The great attraction of this church is the fine instruments in the chair we could believe that they, at least, know how to select the appliances. The interest which brings daily visitors to Fecamp-aside from the fact that it is a fashionable watering place, and an important and very old fish ing port-is the museum of relici from that old abley, gathered together in the last thirty years. The immensity and the wealth of this institution is beyond the comprehension of modern ideas. You have only to compute every tenth goose for 500 years for scores of miles, and everything else in the same proportion, to obtain some approxinate truth as to its resource. No cause for surprise can arise that the revolutionists pillaged such replete coffers, and razed to he ground such a rock of offense. It is here that the Benedictine was first concocted, in the sixteenth century. And the form of bottles and device adopted then is still used to carry the healthful liquor to the attermost parts of the earth. Arnico and mint grew near by, on the rich pali sudes and legions of lay brothers blessed the season in which they were ordered forth to gather these precious condiments in the fresh air, and blessed also the need of roaring furnaces by which they worked in the winter to prepare the liquor for bottling. So well it might be named after their order. "Benedictine." To see it prepared now, with all the latest mechanical aid, furnished with steam and directed by science, and realize that 150 men and women are given employment to send out yearly 1,000,000 bottles, is quite interesting; but no ore who is so near the museum can waste much time on other things.

WILD CHERRY AND TAR. Every body knows the virtues of Wild Cherry and Tar as a relief and cure for any affections of the Throat and Longs, comaffections of the Throat and Lungs, com-bined with these two ingredients are a few simple healing remedies in the composition of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup-msking it just the article you should always have in the house, for Coughs, Colds, Croup-and B-onchitis. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Samples free. Sold by Ad. Bakhaus & Co.

THIN AND THAT.

The Persian Such has blotted out All staring signs his realms about, Save one, whose mission tis to bless With beauty, health and happiness. He paints on every mountain's f out The simple sign, "Use SOZODONT."

This word, which has been staring everybody in the face for the past years, and is now getting into nearly everybody's mouth, is a preparation for cleausing, beautifying and preserving the teeth, sweetening the breath, and arresting the progress of decay.

"Spanning's Glue," mends everything.

A Case Not Beyond Help. Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kenawee, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of Consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quick Consumption. As a last resort the family was persuaded to try DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE draughts, for hours, waiting to be LUNGS. To the astonishment of all, by the drill'si for the little she may have DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE time she had used one-hall dozen bottles she to do. For all this previous expanditure was about the house doing her own work." of time, labor, blood, muscle and nerve she

We reached Valmont about the middle of THE WORKERS'

A GLANCE AT THE WORKING GIRLS OF NEW YORK.

What They are Compelled to Endur Within the Establishments that Employ Them The Fines that are Assessed and the Wages that are Drawn.

Correspondence to the GLORE REPUBLIC. NEW YORK, Oct. L.-The working girl of New York hurries out of her bed long ere it is light on these winter's mornings; bur ries down a morsel of breakfast and is bur ried to her shop, possibly miles away, in an elevated road car, crammed with humanity not all thoroughly washed and fortil with the emanations of the hundreds already carried in this heated box. Two or three active humanitarians could find much food for reflection, though probably no appetite for their breakfasts through a winter's moreing 7 o'clock inspection of these labor trains. The working girl must be on time filteen, twenty minutes awaiting the por ter's pleasure to open it, exposed to rain o the keen, cutting blast raking the street Could you take in the whole situation at a glance you might see on winter's mornings thousands of girls, many mere children, congregated and exposed before their workhop doors, while the daughters of their employers are still in luxurious bets. The wealthy mother uptown would deem it an outrage so to expose her 12-year-old girl. Let us look in at a few places where these girls earn their \$4 and \$5 per week. This is a large establishment. Dry goods

at retail. The show window is filled with ready made dresses. Ladies in their carriages at the door and an army of employed inside. Down stairs under the pavement are the girls who sew. Twelve are at work in a small room. In the center is a stove on which are placed the irons used in pressing clothes. Summer and winter this stove is kept almost red hot: Ventilation here is an unthought of necessity. The air is a compound of objectionable smalls. The girls breathe this from Sin the morning till 6 at night-sometimes in the busy season till 9 or p. m. If the worker is three minutes late she is fined. If she leaves the door open she is fined. If she leaves the shop more than once morning or afternoon she is fined. A small boy guards this work room He takes note of all such violation and jots them down. The fines are reported to the bookkeeper. The system is an ingenious one for yielding the proprietor i od percentage weekly, lopped off the girls' scanty wages.

The premium here is not for careful, con cientious or artistic work. The stout, coarse-fibred girl who can rush her seedle through the most yards of cloth, and so give it the siramation of being made up properly, is she who gets the the most praise from the forewoman and the mos

The proprietor of this establishment, when asked what wages the girls in his employ received, was frank enough to reply: 'About enough to keep body and soul together, and hardly that." A girl, after working in this heated basement room a few days, was made sick. She was absent from the shop for the rest of the week. For this reason the wages due her were refusei. The wealthy proprietor robbed her of \$3 on the pretext that her absence "injured his business." I quote his words. Furthermore, he argued that she was not sick enough to leave off work, because on a certain evening during her absence he had seen her at a meeting of "liberals."

Because if you work for a living at low vages, you have no business to be sick unless you are "sick abed" or too sick to try and cure yourself by a change of scene or surroun lings. Wealth only has the privilege of being "ind spessel" and of guarding against serious illness by heeling premonitory symp oms. This is a large Broadway establishment.

In a sort of eage sits the pretty, delicate cashier girl about 17 years of age. Hundreds, probably thou-ands of dollars pass responsibility. She gets \$6 per week. For fewer hours of work and no more responsobility many a clerk in bank, insurands or other office gets from \$1,000 to \$1,200 per annum. She breather from morning till night the close, stuffy air of the store-never swept by a breeze from the outside, never purified by sunlight, surcharged with the breaths and emanations from the thousands constantly coming and going. She is far from well. She is pale. The lines of wear and tear are already forming on her face. She is "complaining," and says she gets "tired out" long ere nightfall.

Were this a rich man's child she would probably be speedily taken from the city and sent to the seaside or mountains to recuperate. Yet she has a whole week's vacation in summer. She is a part, a necessary though fragile part of the business machinery of this great establishment. She is wearing out. So are the axles of her employers' delivery wagons. The axies and the girl will both be replaced when no longer fit for service. There are plenty of nev axles-plenty of new and fresh girls.

This is a fashionably dressed girl buying finery at this same establishment. Her at tire is sufficiently pronounced to attract attention on the Broadway promenale, where she appears regularly every afternoon. She toils not, she spins not, and receives her change for purchas d knick-knacks out of a \$20 bill at the bands of the pale little imprisoned eashier. She lives in elegantly furnished apartments, can lie in bed till noon and nourishes | er body with the best an expensive restaurant can give her. See tried once to live by honest labor and found that labor was killing her. She is not sensitive to the opinion of "the world" because she lives in a world of her own and does not bring herself in contact with the society who hold disagreeable opinion concerning her. When a work girl at \$4 a week she was as much chunned by the fashionably-attired wife and daughter of her employer as she is now. She was looked down upon thea by them because she worked for a living and belonged to the grade that works. She is shunned now for choosing another mode of life quite as objectionable to society as that of serving in a subterranean workhouse. She may be kill-ing becself in one way and the delicate little cashier is being killed in another.

This is a girl "super" at one of our thea-tres. She is in the "ballet." That is to say she is anywhere or anything, as the stage manager choose.—a court lally, a peasant girl, a part of the crowd in the scenic background. She get: \$5 a week, and must find her own costumes, in addition to board, clothes and "pin money." For even the poor need pin money to pay car fares, if iving ten mile: from the theatre. But she will not receive her \$5 per week until the play is produced. There are two weeks of previous rehearsal. It is a speciacular riece. Rehearsal is called at 10 in the morning and lasts till 2 or 3 in the afternoon. R hearsal is again called at 8 in the evening and lasts till 11, 12, even 1 o'clock next morning. Tan play involves dancing, singing, acting, mechanical effects, grouping a scenic, melodramatic nash. stands at the wings, exposed to chilly

coives-nothing. No salary till the play is produced. Such is the rule. So she give ser time and labor, not even receiving thanks. Meantime how does she live?

One morning one of these supers fainted on the stage. This caused a sensation. The leading ladies and gentlemen clustered about her. Their hearts were touched, 80 revived. What was the matter! Well, she had eaten nothing for two days. This brought tears. The manager was affected also. He sent the girl to a neighboring restaurant and ordered for her a bearty meal. One meal! Enough to keep strengt in her body for six or eight hours! The story was told to the newspaper reporters. They were affected also-largely by the sympathy and kindness of the manager in giving the starving girl something to est. It secure I a notice in nearly every daily of the towa. Equivalent to one hundred dollars worth of advertising. Even benevolence will pay if it is only put in the right place. Never negle t opportunities for doing good to others when you can do good PRESTICE MULPORD. to yourself.

THE TEX IN TARANTULA.

The Results of Toving Carelessly With

Written for the GLOB c-REPUBLIC. Texas Carantula is a pronounce prunette spider, with a body and polonaise shaped like that of the ordinary spider. It has six legs, which, when spread out, cover almost as much space as the hand of an ordinacy man. Ho is very reckless in swing ing around two curved langs, which destro his usefulness as a pet for children. The entire body of this cheerful insect is covered with short black bair, and he wears his eyes on the top of his head to see that no-

ody takes a mean advantage of him. I shall never forget the first, and only, time I toyed carelessly with a tarantula. I was a mere boy, but the tarantula was a adult. He was the first tarantula I had ever seen. I considered it a duty I owed society to exterminate the insect, but before doing so it occurred to me to tease him a little. I had no intention of teasing him as much as I did. I had a penchant for worrying insects. I forget now where I got that penchant, but I distinctly remember having it on the occasion to which I refer.

The insect was sitting down by the side of the road, quietly absorbing the beauties of nature. I startled him from his reveries by punching him familiarly on the back with my little cane, as if he was an old friend. The insect raised himself up on soe tips of his toes, and humped up his back, omewhat after the manner of a fretful cat, The behavior of the insect amuse I me so much that I disturbed his reverie again. This time he jumped up and down, slung his arms and legs around impatiently, gnashed his teeth and went on like a congressman whose veracity has been impeached in the heat of debate. Then be calmed down



MAKING THE SECOND JUMP. Owing to my penchant for teasing ani-

nals I stirred him again. The brute jumped right at me. He made two jumps. He fell short of my bare foot on the first jump. I was not there when he made the second one. When he made the second jump I was away cleaving the air half a mile distant. In after years I have often smiled how surprised that tarantula must have been when he discovered my absence. I was very much frightened, but my hair did not turn white with sulden fright, I ran so fast that it didn't have a chance to turn white, but my velocity was so great that some of my hair was worn off by the friction caused by my rapid flight through the at-

I also lost my penchant for teasing insects. I must have dropped it while I was running, and, although thirty old years have elapsed, I have never gone back to the spot to look for my lost penchant. The fewer penchants of that sort a boy has the less trouble he will get into. Whoever found that penchant of mine is welcome to it. I have frequently teased tarantulas with

a stick since those happy days of my boyhood, but I have always taken the precaution to pat the insect with the flat side of an ax before teasing him with a stick.

The tarantula is a desperado among insects, with the difference, however, that the desperado is most dangerous when in liquor, while the tarantula is perfectly harmless as long as be is under the influence of alcohol, and the bottle is corked up tight and put on a shelf in a museum or in a drug store. The tarantula is no respecter of persons, as an army contractor ascertained, after be had sa; down on one, and was badly bitten twelve miles and a half from the mouth of the Rio Grande river, in the year after the

The bite of the tarantula is not as fatal as has been represented. Death itself rarely ensues, but the man who is bitten for a day or so regrets that such is the case, and he is very apt to use language in expressing his feelings that should not be repeated in a family paper. The tarantula lives by himself in a hole in the ground. His diet consists of bugs and insects of different kinds, and he is rarely found north of Red river, except when he is sent through the mail in a paper box. Shortly after the war the Federal soldiers sent many live tarantulas to their friends in the north, and it often happened that the box being broken, distributing the mail became such an exciting pastime that in som: postoffices long poles were used for the purpose, so I have been told.

ALEX. SWEET.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.

HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE For a very rich farm of one, two or three hundred acres adjoining the farm of P. Don-ohoe, near South Solon, Madison county, O.? Small cash papment with balance at low rate of interest, will be accepted. Go and see the land and make an offer at once, as it will be sold to some one very roon. Title perfect. Would exchange for Chicago property. Address H. D. Ganaison. 76 31st St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. J. D. Seety. No. 25, West Market street, Xenia, Obio has no equal as a "bysician in the state. He treated over 800 patients from April 1 to July 1, 1885, and lost but two, both with consumption. The names of every patient can be seen on his books. Consultation free.

264 as. B.

"Annt Peggy" Brown, of Parkersburg, W. Va., Va., is dead, aged nearly a century.

BALLAD OF THE UNLEARNED MAN. Written for the GLORE REPUBLIC.

BALLAD OF THE UNLEARNED MAN [Original.] know a maiden very fair to see,

She's lived of years one little charming score; m. when from my daily labors free, m. father's door,

I seek admittance at her father's door.

I like her well, and I would like her me but that I fear me there be many such. Of learning she hath such a mighty store Alas! alas! this maiden knows so much! She reads the Greek, and very learnedly She talks, this mailen that I might adore

She talks, this marker that I might alrow, Of music, art and science; positive. She writes. Alas: this most do I deplora Learning exudes, I say, from every pore, While ignorance doth nobleme in its clutch. I say again, just as I said before, Ains! alas! this maiden knows so much! She also works in clay, and valigntly

She hammereth brass, to all the heavy She adds the lighter. So it seems to me.

She paints. Ye gods, to-day her canva A scene lik : none on any sea or shore:

The ivory keys know well her skillful touch Like any college man she pulls an oar, Alas! alas! this maiden knows so much! ENVOY.

Is sad, is not this very learned she, To all her excellence I do agree; But still I do not want a wife to sorr, While I go hobbling on upon a crutch, want a real nice girl, no less, no more; I want a girl who does not know so much, CARLOTTA PERRY. MILWUKER, Wis , Sept. 30.

But she for whom my very being's core

LUCY'S GHOST.

Written for the GLORE-REPUBLIC. psychological and occult matters in a pario in one of New York's tall flats one evening not long since. The scene was something long to remember. In fancy I saw it repro duced on canvas, and saw the people of the future looking at it with interest, because it depicted people who were beginning dimly to grope into what in that day will, perhaps, be an open book.

The women were soft white gowns and fluttered large, bright fans. To me their faces all seemed won terfully thoughtful and earnest, wonderfully handsome, too, wear ing the fadeless beauty of the mind.

Cool breezes came in at the open windows but no rude sounds. The streets were so far below us that we heard but the faint echo of their roar.

I don't remember how we chanced to depart from "the great philosophy of the commonplace" and pursue subjects of a supernatural order. After conversation took that trend, however, we all found ourselves listening eagerly; and each readily contributed experiences to the general fund. I have often noticed that whenever occult ic is broken in any company most of those present will cheerfully take a plunge. It is the ice breaker who needs to have courage. One of our company was a non quite eminent in the scientific world. He might be described as the last man one would expect to hear speak of things not generally visible with any favor, and the first one would expect to advocate materialism. We had discussed the sixth, yes, even the seventh, sense almost to the point of general conviction, and had brought our minds to a state of unusual receptivity, when our scientific friend, Dr. Cardross, told this story;

When I lived in Washington some years ago I rented a furnished house in the west and-in the First ward-a locality that reeks with old mansions of old Washingtonians, relica of a departed and never-to-comeagain day. You all know, probably, what a furnished house in that part of the capital neans. You can imagine what an accumulation of the an ique, what relies of forme splendor make up the furniture. Our house was no exception. It stood—indeed, still stands—on the northwest corner of F street. near the Potomac. Like most of its neighbors, it was old-fash ioned within and withou'.

going abroad to remain some time. She had an old colored servant, named Lucy, whom she was anxious to leave comfortably situated, and she begged us to permit her to keep her room in the attic, and she, the lady, would arrange to have her mals sent in to her. We consented, and Lucy continued to occupy her old quar ers.

We saw little of her. She was a quiet scul, never obtrading in any way, and her presence in the souse was scarcely notice able. One day after her mistress, Mrs. Bar rett, had been gone about a month Lucy had a stroke of paralysis while eating her dinner in the basement.

I was sent for in haste. I saw at once that death was at her elbow, and she realized it, too, without any hint from me When able to speak she told me, in strict confidence, that in her room, in a certain place, she had concealed a jar of silver money, and in her bed a pocketbook containing a number of bills. These she begged me to take possession of, and after her death send them to Mrs. Barrett, for whom she expressed the utmost affection. promised, and a few hours later she died.

I said nothing of Lucy's bequest to any one, but went to her room in search of he treasure, the little hoardings of a self-denying life. I found the jar, filled to the brim with old pieces of coin but I could not find the pocketbook. I searched the bed through and through, taking everything off, turning the mattress over and over, and examining it with the greatest care. I made up my mind at last that the pocketbook had no existence outside of Lucy's imagination. She had been half dreaming, perhaps, when she told me about it; had fancied herself wealthier than she was. I settled down on that conclusion and gave up the search.

Some weeks after Lucy's death our ser vant girl, also colored, took passession of her room. The first night she slept there we were all awakened about 1 o'clock by her screams. She came tearing down stairs at a breakneck pace, clothed only in her robe de nuit, Sobb ng and shuddering, she took refuge in our room. She was so badly frightened that it was some time before she could talk coherently enough to make u understand the cause of her terror. Every time she tried to utter a word her teeth would chatter, her legs give way under her and her tougue refuse to move. Finally, between shricks and shudders, she managed to say:

"Ole Lucy come and beat on my bed!" Of course, that sounded preposterous to my wife and me. You know we are all very slow to acknowledge that there may be things in this great universe which we, in our learned stupidity, know nothing about. We supposed the girl had been thinking about Lucy, knowing she occupied her room, and had dreamed of her, proba bly dreamed so realistically that it seemed more than a dream.

Whatever had been the cause of her alarm, it had frightened her half out of her senses. She not only refused to return to her own room, but she refused to leave ours. Sindropped down on a lounge and sobbed and mouned pit fully till morning. Nothing could induce her to remain an other night under our roof.

"Oh, I seen her," she said, "plain as I over see her in my life, and she pulled the

covers off me and shuck the mattress,

on't tell me it was a dream. Early in the forencon she packed up be belonging and left, declaring to the last that old Lucy came and beat on her bed, and that she wouldn't see her again for a house as big as the Capitol.

Knowing how superstitious colored peo ple are, we made an effort to get a servant who had never heard of Lucy. into a remote part of the city that same day and secure I a capable colored girl. She was cheerful and efficient, and as we supposed she knew nothing of Lucy, living or dead, we had no apprehensions of further trouble

In the night she came and rapped on our door, calling my wife. When the light shone on her it revealed a fact ghastly with terror.

"Missus, I can't sleep in that room." "Why?" "Cause a nole colored woman come; and

bests or my bed. She isn't real. She's a ghost." "There is no colored woman there,"

answered my wife. "You know you are the only person besides our family in the house You have been dreaming. Go back to bed and think no more about it."

But she wouldn't go back to bad, nor go back up stairs. She made a bed on the floor in a room adjoining ours, and torture berself with thinking about Lucy's ghost till

Of course she gave warning. However she consented to stay two or three days, or condition that she might sleep near us Darken the door of the room she formerly occupied she vowed she never would. We talked this over and thought it a little

queer. So far as we knew she had not hear! of Lucy. Still we concluded that by some monns she had beard, and her imagination had been wrought upon. Being determined to keep the next servant from bearing anything about Luc , we sent

to Alexandria for one. She arrived within twenty-four hours after her prefecesse: had departed, was particularly intelligent and preposessing, and had the merit of not knowing a soul in Washington. We felt at ease one; more, She took possession of Lucy's room in the

evening, and apparently slept soundly til morning. We were eating our breakfast, feeling that all disturbaness on Lucy's ac count were ended, when our new servan

"There are queer things in that room sleet in last night." We discharged from our faces every ex

pression that might betray us, though we were greatly astonished, for we were sure she had heard nothing. "What do you mean?' said Mrs. C.

"I saw the ghost of an old colored woman there. She came and beat the bal, and said: 'They don't send me any more meab now, for I'm only a shadow." My wife and I looked at each other in a frightened kind of way. That mention of

the meals being sent in chilled me The girl could not have known that. Inde 1, she knew nothing of Lucy whatever, I'm sure. I finally asked her if she was frightened at what she saw, "No, sir," she answered. "Fve seen ghosts all my life. I don't like to see them, that's certain, but I'm not afraid of them.

They generally want something done for

them when they show themselves to ma. think that old woman wants something." "What can it bef' I said, musingly. don't know. I'm sure " said the girl "but I think it's something on or about that bel. She leat the bed, pulled at the covering and looked over it and around it as if sh

was hunting for something My wife says I turned pale at that point. and I shouldn't be surprised if I did. I felt pale. There was something blood-curdling in the thought of that grostly midnight search. Dead Lucy coming bac's to hunt for what I couldn't find gave me a chill.

Under this spell I told about Lucy's mi-s. ing pocketbook, and that she had said it was in the bed. My wife was astonished a, my revelation. It gave a color of tru h to the experiences of the three girls in Lacy's m. They all de lared that she "beat t

"That pock tho & is there, I'll warrant," said our new servant. "That explains it, and we'll have no peace till it's foun i."

We all went to Lucy's room at once, tore the bed to pieces, ripped open the mattress, and sure enough we found the pocketbook, and a well filled one it was. After that Lucy cam: no more.

We all sat silent some seconds after the doctor finished his story. At length one of the ladies, with a strong leaning to the visi-ble and material, said: "What do you think it was, doctor-that apparition of Lucy which the three girls saw or thought they sawt'

The doctor was very composed as to fea ture, but a shade of contempt could be seen in his eyes as he answ re! with polite sweet ness, "I think it was just what it seemed to be-Lucy's ghost," GERTRUDE GARRISON.

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